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Judge

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JOHN BULL BACKS OUT.

J. B.—"I think that you can whip me, so I'm not a-going to play."

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DID POLLY want a fire-cracker, and has she had enough of it?

* * *

A PROHIBITIONIST is a man who cuts off his Republican nose to spite his Democratic countenance.

* * *

FORTY-TWO STARS in that flag hereafter, and Canada and the Central and South American states yet to send their returns and swell the majority.

* * *

HE IS A FINE MAN who won't take a Sunday newspaper, and as a matter of principle borrows his neighbor's to see what the news is.

* * *

WE DO NOT think that Boulanger will enter France like a burglar to steal the crown, because there is no longer a crown to steal.

* * *

ONE SAD THING about the orations is that all of us could have said the same things and said them so much better than the selected orators.

* * *

IF MRS. LESLIE CARTER tries to elevate the drama, the drama, or perhaps the audience, ought to elevate her so that she wouldn't come down till next June.

* * *

DR. McDOW of Charleston shot a man in the back because he thought the man was going to kill him. He is a very ferocious chap, the chap that comes at you with his coat-tails and his toes pointing to a retreat.

* * *

WHEN STANCH old Simon Cameron kicked the bucket he shattered that vessel till not one stave of it knew the hoops to which it had formerly belonged.

* * *

THE SWISS MAID in the Charleston murder trial knows very well what she is about, and there is startling proof of it in the fact that she knows enough not to tell of it.

* * *

WALKING-MATCHES have recently become a part of the curriculum of a western college. In other words, the faculty propose to teach the young idea how to scoot.

* * *

A PERSON who is said to have pulled the nose of Governor Beaver has been presented with $100 by his admiring friends. It is difficult to tell which to admire most, the cranks who made up the purse or the liar who accepted it.

* * *

WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS is a great, big man, and just the man for the German mission; and if some people do insist, because he wears bangs, that he is not large, let us simply say, to avoid discussion, that every little Phelps.

* * *

A GRADUATE of Oxford is in jail for hypnotizing tradesmen so that they gave him crowns for coppers. Evidently this young man was a close student, and yet they say that boating and base-ball are not the means to a classical and wholesome education.

ONE OF FORTUNE'S FAVORITES.

FEHRSTEIN (*as Einenheim goes by*)—"Dot Einenheim vos a lucky feller, Leah."
MRS. FEHRSTEIN—"Magin' monish?"
FEHRSTEIN—"Nein, nod much; but he vas built so he don'd hef t' go to der oxbense ohf wearin' a diamont pin in his scarf."

J. B. FORAKER is not the most conservative of men, and sometimes he talks too rapidly and says too much; but the people talk for him at the polls with even more volubility than he talks for them.

* * *

THE QUEEN kindly consents to receive such grass widows as have gone to grass through no fault of their own; and perhaps she will take a few of the others as soon as they are properly dried and cured.

* * *

MR. DEPEW as adviser-in-chief to the president has taught that dreadful man how to laugh, and it is noticeable that his state papers are very much improved on that account—at least they will be as soon as they are written.

* * *

IT IS SAD for Mary Anderson that she is to be kept off the stage another year, but that is nothing in comparison with the great aggregate of regret and apprehension the fact brings to the larger portion of the best people of the world.

* * *

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER and the eldest son of the prince of Wales are to be married. Let them be as lucky in their selections as his royal highness was and they will confer upon their families a virtue which his royal highness has frequently discussed.

* * *

A SOMNAMBULIST in Brooklyn was found on the streets at an early hour of the morning, recently, with nothing on but a stare and a pair of bracelets; but she explained that she was on her way to take a bath at Coney island, and the policeman had to let her go.

* * *

CORPORAL TANNER does have an assertive way of interpreting and administering the pension laws; but the laws are so loosely constructed that some of them have no legs to stand on either.

* * *

THE MURDERERS of Dr. Cronin are somewhat annoyed, but the case is so involved that they have little fear. Professional conspirators are very cunning, and murder is the last thing to "out," with the sole exception of the discovery of the corpse.

* * *

THE LETTERS just printed, showing a desire on the part of Secretary Chase and other leading Republicans to displace President Lincoln, are the incompletely written history about which more will be discovered later on. How little these Republicans knew in comparison with the knowledge and insight of Lincoln, and how God ruled through that great trouble and that great man!

WOMANHOOD.

THIS COUNTRY has been fortunate in its first ladies; and it was the chief regret of Lucy B. Hayes, doubtless, as it is of most good women, that she couldn't live long enough to see the boys and girls of her family safely and pleasantly out of the world. That is the essence of unselfish maternity, and women die every day with the sole regret that they cannot linger long enough to straighten out the innumerable tangles of the threads whose confusion keeps them alive.

THE CRIME OF THE JURY.

FOR SOME REASON the verdict in the case of Dr. McDow of Charleston is laid to the "negro influence"—that is to say, the jury was composed of seven black and five white men. That is very strange. Why should black men desire injustice any more than white men? Were the blacks on this jury afraid to do justice to the murderer? Were they not fit to act as jurors? Is it not amazing that this murderer should have been treated as a hero after the verdict of acquittal, though when the killing was done there was a decided disposition to lynch him? Is Charleston given to sympathy for professional and self-confessed rakes? There are a good many murders in that part of this union that are as great a mystery as anything in the work of the ku-klux or the more northern white-caps.

NATURAL CURIOSITY.

UNCLE BILDAB (*who has been shown the billiard-room, smoking-room, and butler's pantry of his niece's new house*)—"Say, Helen! when no one ain't lookin' gimme a tip where t' find th' barber-shop an' bar."

THE ÆSTHETIC BOATMAN.

THERE MUST BE, as the JUDGE has said, a new atmosphere for the college and the other boatmen. There must be a new kind of water. It must not only be like glass, but it must be glass itself. There must be a specially manufactured breeze, and the accessories of every kind must be wholly artificial in order to be wholly complete. If that excellence is reached—and Mr. Bob Cook knows how to reach it—it will cease to be necessary for twenty thousand persons to sustain disappointment and hunger and agony for an unreasonable period. Hurrah for Yale! But there is a great deal of virtue in that quotation from the ancient philosopher, "Play or pay."

SILENCE IN THE COURT!

THE FOURTH having gone, it might be well to suggest that it is better honored at the silent breech of the cannon than at the too observant and noisy muzzle thereof. Like the orator of the day, the gun is so unpleasant, and it does make so much noise! Granted that the gun and the orator are better for the going off, for that is what they were made for; but they enunciate nothing more than we all know, and the reminder, on a hot day, is as feverish as it is superfluous. Suppose we celebrate by keeping our mouths shut. Hooray! Bring out the guns and let us celebrate the silence.

OH, NO!

THE JUDGE is not sensitive; but the inquiry of the Chicago *Tribune*—very appropriately reproduced by the Springfield *Republican*—"Has the JUDGE been mugwumped?" leads it to look over certain matter in the Chicago paper regarding Harrison, about the time of the late national convention, which is very funny. The *Tribune* was mugwumped at that time, and if it has recovered from it so much the better for your Uncle Joseph. No—the JUDGE has its opinions; and it may have stolen a few hams and done a couple of burglaries, but it has not been mugwumped.

NOT BUNGLED.

MR. SAPHEAD—"My knowledge of the music was perfect, I know, Miss de Mill; but I fear my execution was poor. Don't you agree with me, judge?"

THE JUDGE—"Can't agree with you, sir. I think the tune died very easily."

HOW SOME PEOPLE READ NEWSPAPERS.

AT THE CLUB.

First old man—"That was a terrible accident last night, wasn't it?"

Second old man—"Yes; shocking, shocking!"

First old man—"By the way, did you notice how many were killed and injured?"

Second old man—"No, didn't notice, really."

First old man—"Er—do you remember where it occurred?"

Second old man—"Um, no; just looked over the newspaper hastily."

First old man—"Terrible accident."

Second old man—"Shocking, shocking!"

A CHANGE OF SENTIMENT.

Battersby—"What have you got on that shutter? It's Hudson, I declare. Drunk again, I suppose—the poor, miserable sot!"

The man—"No, sir. Mr. Hudson was umpiring a game of ball, and he got struck in the stomach."

Battersby—"What! my old friend Hudson stricken on the field of battle? Hudson always was a brave fellow. Yes, that's his house—the yellow one."

LOOKING BACKWARD.

"I'VE NEVER seen my hands when they were as dirty as yours," said a mother to her young daughter by way of reproving her for want of neatness.

"No," quickly retorted the clever child, "but I guess grandma has."

LEARNED IT FROM THE BIRDS.

Mother—"Emeline, your husband is getting to be a terrible swearer. He was not like this years ago."

Daughter—"I know it, mamma; but you know Charles keeps books in a bird-store now."

Mother—"Well, what's that got to do with it?"

Daughter—"A great deal. There are always seven or eight parrots in stock."

HUM OF THE COURT.

MOTTO for elevated roads—"The public be jammed."

THE MAN who is ashamed of his religion has no religion to be ashamed of.

IF CHICAGO will only turn that Clan-na-Gael into a "Clan-na-Jail" the American public will be better pleased.

IT SEEMS to be natural that artists should paint angels with blonde hair. They must have dyed to become angels.

PENNSYLVANIA, in view of the late calamity and her vote on the prohibition question, may be properly looked upon as a survival of the wettest.

THE GRASS permits those Indians to do journeys and scalpings, and even Sitting Bull has revived sufficiently to anticipate a few enjoyable outings and killings.

LOGIC—William Nye never lost his hair because he never had any hair to lose. Therefore Mr. Nye has a very thick head—a very thick head of hair.

NEPOTISM is bad, but a president must not be made to shut his wife out of the white house in order to make a position suited to the claims of another person.

ON A VERY hot day a Princeton student stole a thermometer and was put in jail for it. One cannot very well steal a hot stove, but this is delicately typical of that experiment.

ESTIMATED that there are 50,000 Irishmen in this country organized to free Ireland. Also estimated that nothing of that kind can be done until each organization succeeds in killing off all the others.

WE DO NOT believe that Senator Blackburn ever pulled Senator Chandler's ear. At the most he might have wanted to borrow the ear, or in a moment of abstraction he might have scratched it under the temporary impression that it was his own.

ONE THINKS involuntarily, in reading of the great Pennsylvania disaster how singular it is that the Rev. Mr. Towne is one of the few geographically located bodies that were not swept away; but he was not located in Pennsylvania.

SOME LADIES of Kansas have organized a society to cultivate the art of conversation. At first glance that seems to be more coals for Newcastle, but we must remember that one branch of the art of conversation consists of the power of keeping your tongue still.

THE SUPREME COURT of Massachusetts has just confirmed the decision that a man who has had illegitimate relations with a woman, and blackens the character of the woman so as to oblige a separation from her subsequent husband, shall pay $30,000 for his villainy. That is most excellent law and justice; and further than that the man ought to be obliged to confer his immortal soul, if there is any good in it, on somebody else.

THE GRANDMOTHER of the emperor of China is eighty-nine, blind, deaf, and a cripple, and all her glory couldn't buy her an hour of health and beauty or the knowledge that she had the heart of even a cheap man. That is where every American girl is richer and royaler than she.

LOVE AND UTILITY.

LAUNCELOT—"This boat is so very low-studded I can't feather the oars at all."
ELAINE—"I hope you'll have better luck with the process in our new nest, dear. Mamma's a bit doubtful."

SELF-FORGETFULNESS.

Mrs. Slim—"How indecently low Mrs. Slow wears her dresses!"

Mrs. Vain—"Yes, it's disgusting, she's so awfully proud; but, would you believe it? she bought all my old dresses when I went into mourning."

IT MADE QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

THEY WERE talking about the Hudson and the Potomac rivers, and an inland resident thought he had settled the question when he said, "The Hudson is a fine river and I'm a New-Yorker and ought to stick up for it, but, boys, the Potomac lays clear over it."

"Have you seen both rivers?" one had the temerity to ask.

"Course I have. You don't suppose I speak without knowledge, do you?"

"When did you see the Potomac?"

"On my wedding-trip."

"Ah! And when did you gain your experience of the Hudson?"

"One time when I went to New York to attend a creditors' meeting. I lost every cent of my claim."

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

UNCLE BRADLEY (*at the park*)—"Having a good ride, little one?"
DOROTHY—"Yes; you make an ever so much nicer one than Harold's got."

RATHER INGENIOUS.

Mrs. Brown—"Come here this moment, Johnnie! I must punish you for sliding down the banisters."

Little Johnnie—"Please, ma, didn't you just tell me not to make a noise running down stairs?"

THE KISS.

(*She.*)

HE THREW me a kiss.
Mamma didn't know it;
She would take it amiss
That he threw me a kiss.
But she won't dream of this,
For my face didn't show it.
He threw me a kiss,
And mamma didn't know it.

(*He.*)

Pray where was the harm
When nobody knew it?
There's no cause for alarm;
Pray where was the harm?
That kiss had a charm;
No one saw that I threw it.
Then where was the harm
If nobody knew it?

(*Mamma.*)

They think I am old,
Getting blind, I suppose;
But my heart isn't cold
If I am getting old.
I don't need to be told
Why she blushed like a rose,
Though I am growing old,
Yes, and blind, I suppose.

G. H. D.

IN A PRETTY BAD FIX.

ON a southern railroad.

First passenger—"Pretty dull trip."

Second passenger—"Yes; one can't sleep, and there is absolutely nothing to read. If I could only get hold of a newspaper I wouldn't care if it was a year old."

First passenger—"Just my fix; but I've been around, and there isn't a bustle on the train."

LAYING PLANS AHEAD.

Actor—"This year I play one piece the entire season, and next year I shall travel with a repertoire."

Friend—"And after that?"

Actor—"Well, I don't like to make too great boasts, but I shall probably travel with an 'Uncle Tom' company."

DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THE WORD.

Friend—"That was a beautiful poem you read at the commencement exercises."

Fair graduate—"I'm so glad you liked it."

Friend—"But I shall have to accuse you of plagiarism."

Fair graduate—"Yes; but we couldn't help that very well. We were so hurried, and the dressmaker didn't get it done until the very last moment."

UNIVERSALLY QUALIFIED.

DRESSLER (*of the Athletic club*)—"I thought you fellows were going to give an amateur dime-museum entertainment, to discount the circus?"

PASON (*of the Knickerbocker*)—"So we were, deah boy, but each of our men insisted on pawsonating the living skeleton, and it fell through."

NOTES ON LONG ISLAND.

LONG ISLAND is the home of vegetables, but, like its other inhabitants, they don't stay at home; they come to New York.

In many parts of Long island leeks (leaks) are very plentiful. They are planted between shingles on roofs, and develop early. When there is glass on the roof they grow faster. I have seen a whole scuttle-full as early as March 1st. Hot-houses also abound as soon as summer sets in. So do hot-beds.

Stacking hay and raking it is no longer a rural occupation in the bucolic districts. Stacking cards and raking jack-pots have taken its place.

Rye is raised in great quantities during the warm season, both by residents and visitors. When it gets to a certain height it is apt to be attacked and demolished by swallows.

The fragrance of the shad-roes pervades the atmosphere along the coast, and a plenitude of ragged sailors is to be found at all seasons in the same locality.

In those hamlets which yearly furnish to the newspapers surprising instances of longevity the indigenous plants are mostly "old-man" and "live-forever."

The Long island people are blunt and straightforward in their speech. They call a spade a spade. If you should call it a shovel they will know at once you are a stranger and sojourner, and will feel it a religious duty to take you in forthwith.

There is not much else noteworthy in Long island, except the fact of its existence.

M. S. B.

CAUTION ITSELF.

"He would not dare," said some one of a very circumspect and cautious person, "to speak disrespectfully of Father Adam, for fear of offending some of his descendants."

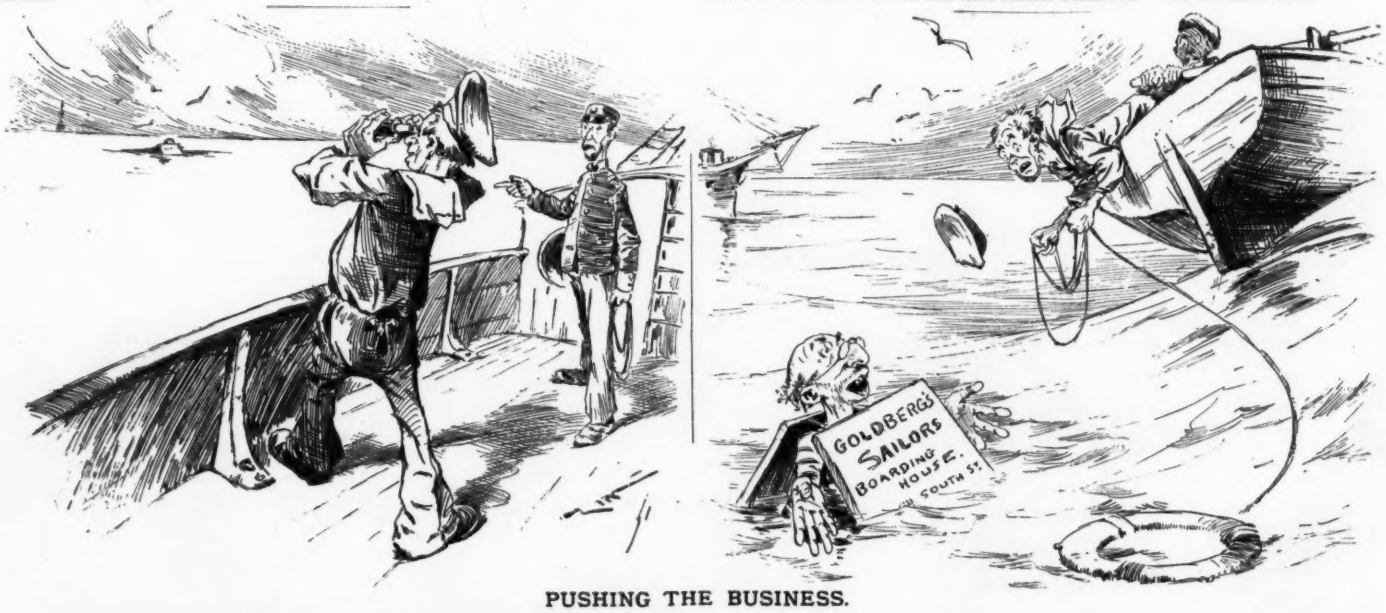
UNFAMILIAR WITH IT.

Miss Eugenia—"Yes, indeed, Mr. Siouxcity, I am thoroughly in love with the west."

Western business-man—"It is a great country."

Miss Eugenia—"Yes; and you have so many innovations on eastern methods."

Western business-man—"I—er—don't know. To tell the truth I don't know much about the innovation business. I'm in hardware."



PUSHING THE BUSINESS.

SKIPPER OF INCOMING PACKET—"What do you make it out to be, Bill?"
SECOND MATE—"Can't make up my mind, sir."
SKIPPER—"Lower away a boat."

HICKENSTEIN (*as boat approaches*)—"It vos nod der mosd easiesd vay to maig a leefing, frents, but I vos has ter do somedings."

A DOMESTIC DYNASTY.

ANN I., surnamed the Toiler by the satirical head of the family. Constitutionally opposed to rising with the lark, but affectionately inclined to the larks that flit by night. After a reign of seven days, in which most of the dishes were beheaded, she was deposed and succeeded by

Bridget I., popularly called the Seven-days Flirt, on account of possessing an admirer for each evening in the week. Giddy, pretty, and exceptionally blessed with incompetence, an article already sufficiently furnished by the three young-lady graduates in the family. She was rusticated in November and followed by a reign of terror, during which the said young ladies did the work. Then descended upon the kingdom of kitchen

Ann II., recommended in the highest terms, and of a top-lofty and ignoring disposition. Felt it to be her mission to rule in the only right way—*her* way. When meekly requested to cook the tomatoes, responded, oracularly, "Cooked tomatoes isn't healthy," and served 'em raw. After a reign of six weeks was forcibly ejected by the combined efforts of the head of the house and his mother-in-law. Succeeded by

Norah, surnamed Lightfoot, on account of her abnormal pedal development. Her capacity for "kicking" was correspondingly great, and after three days of solid stubbornness she abdicated in favor of her cousin,

Bridget II., a queen of the "may do it if I like ter"; generally didn't—born weary. Could not be impressed by any must, could, would, or should power. But after several pitched battles between her own and the will of the household, was deposed, vowing vengeance, and succeeded by

A regency of four days, in which the mistress of the house poured oil on the troubled waters, got the ship of home safely anchored in the harbor of good order, and then turned over her command to

Sophronia, surnamed the Cook, whose reign was chiefly remarkable for the mystery surrounding her surname, no possible evidence ever being given by her as to its origin. Deposed without loss of time, and followed by

Bridget III., popularly called the Lunatic, whose chief aim seemed to be to sugar the soups and salt the pudding-sauces. Banished to an asylum known as the nonintelligence office, after reigning one and a half day, and succeeded by

Mary, a sovereign of considerable executive ability, but a victim of alcoholic heredity and temperamental permanent irascibility. After threatening the lives of the entire household, from the English mastiff to the man of the house, was requested to abdicate. Refused, intrenched behind a breastwork of the best china, using knives and forks for defensive weapons. After a severe struggle the regiment of law and order, known as the "bluecoats," were triumphant, and she was imprisoned for high treason. End unrecorded. Succeeded by

Ellen the Pirate, whose vocation lightened the home of many superfluous articles, and the appearance of whose kingdom on the third day resulted in a council of war which decided to "give up housekeeping and take our meals out." The prime minister and her cabinet now spend their mornings repairing the ravages in the kingdom, and the head of the house smiles and says "I told you so."

ARISTINE ANDERSON.

A TRAGEDY OF THE BATH.

MR. SHELLEY—"Here there! Bring those clothes back!"

——"I do hope those ladies won't turn around till I get by!"

HE HAD BEEN THERE.

A young man who was about entering society took council of an old friend.

"What shall I talk about to the young lady I dance with?"

"Her beauty."

"But supposing she hasn't any."

"Then dwell on the exceeding plainness of all the other women."

TO BE SURE!

Roger (with youthful self-approval)—"Papa, that strange boy over there asked me to let him ride my bicycle while I was playing tennis. I told him no, not much."

His father (anxious to impress a lesson)—"Well, my boy, that was scarcely generous. The good Samaritan wouldn't have acted in that way."

Roger—"Oh, the good Samaritan was safe enough. He knew the fellow wasn't going to get up and run away with his mule."

CHORUS—"Why, where can that have come from?"

MR. SHELLEY (*in a very much muffled tone*)—"Poor doggy—good doggy!"

A VICTIM.

ABOUT a month ago I received a *billet-doux*
To attend a pleasant party with a friend.
'Twas an uncle's cousin's brother, or some such thing or other,
And I didn't dare the author to offend.
So I went with him that day, and I wish I'd lost my way,
Or been locked up in the station over night;
Then I'd nurse no vain regret that by accident I met
A soul-disturbing woman dressed in white.
She's as pretty as a picture, as nimble as a fawn,
And of glances she gave some heavy doses.
As we banged the ball at tennis and flirted on the lawn
She told me she belonged to the Sorosis.

Her forehead's smooth and high, there is genius in her eye,
While her voice is quite electric with emotion;
And upon the ear it breaks like shallow brook that makes
Its rippling way o'er pebbles to the ocean.
But my heart is sore and sad—how could it well be glad
When I'm only one amongst a hundred mashes;
When I know she smiles at me, half delighted, just to see
A manly heart get pulverized to ashes?
She's a goddess in the parlor, she's a queen upon the lake,
Yet at times to me her manner quite jocose is;
But I only smile in sadness, for I know my heart must break,
A victim to the arts of the Sorosis.

GEO. E. DEVYR.

SENTENCES PASSED BY THE JUDGE.

THE ignorant are more skeptical than those trained to knowledge.

Hospitality consists in opening one's doors—not in driving any one into them.

People are dangerous things to handle anyway, and should be classed among explosives.

It would be easier to be forgiven outright for a fault than to work out one's own forgiveness by slow and painful degrees. Yet forgiveness comes only so.

Penitence and sorrow for wrong-doing are not all that is required; no forgiveness is possible until the effect be removed and the moral condition renovated.

It is to be expected that one will be misunderstood by the majority of one's acquaintances. To be well understood by the chosen one or two is all that is possible or necessary.

There are men of two classes who are sure to discover everything in time. One is your physician and the other is the editor. The latter never forgets—except upon occasion.

KATHRINE GROSJEAN.

BOUND TO CONCLUDE.

MR. BREASTLIN—"And I tell you, gentlemen, thish is th' greatest occasion that I ever had occasion to"——

VOICE FROM THE CURTAINS—"What are you doing, Mr. Breastlin?"

MR. BREASTLIN—"Finishing th' speech I made at th' dinner t'-night. Boys all went home 'fore I got half through."

EVENING IN NEW JERSEY.

Farmer—"Is the cow in the barn?"

Farmer's wife—"Yes."

Farmer—"Horses unharnessed and fed?"

Farmer's wife—"Yes."

Farmer—"Chickens locked up?"

Farmer's wife—"Yes."

Farmer—"Wood split for morning?"

Farmer's wife—"Yes."

Farmer—"Wagon washed for an early start to-morrow?"

Farmer's wife—"Yes."

Farmer—"Well, then, I guess I'll go to bed. Farmin' is beginnin' to tell on me."

BUSINESS VS. GRAMMAR.

"YOU MAKE a very singular use of plurals on the Bowery," remarked poor Jack Borrowit, as he looked at the lonely bone which was brought to him on an order for mutton-chops.

"Yep," returned the waiter; "but it would be a good deal more singular if we gave two chops for ten cents."

A JERSEY IDYL.

NIGHT after night a witching sprite,
Outside among the roses,
Sings lullabies; but to my eyes
Her form she ne'er discloses.
She hides away the livelong day,
And keeps herself secluded;
To reach her side in vain I've tried;
My efforts she's eluded.

She seemed so coy; but to my joy,
At last, by chance, I met her.
The fair unknown is now my own,
And soon I'll not forget her.
Last evening she encouraged me—
My triumph is complete, oh;
I own 'twas rash—I made a mash
Of pretty, young Miss Quito.

FRED H. CURTISS.

FALLEN HOPES.

MR. SILLOWAY—"I'll git that ten-dollar premium, sure. Th' Silloway punkin sweet apple 'll scoop fust prize, an'"——

A FASCINATING GAME.

"OH! *do* tell me what you men have at your clubs," asked Miss Smarker, gushingly.

"Well," said Jones, carelessly, "we have bowling, and pool, and billiards."

"I don't know much about bowling or pool," broke in Miss Smarker, "but billiards is that dear, delightful game where they have kissing, isn't it?"

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

"I SAY, dear boy, I must be going—I'm late already. You haven't got five cents about you for car-fare, have you?" asked one Bohemian of another.

"No; nothing but a dollar, I assure you, dear boy."

"All the same—I'll borrow that, and take a cab.

AN ANCHOR TO WINDWARD.

Agnes—"What is troubling you so, love?"

George—"I was thinking that if you declined me when I proposed to-night, whether I should accept that heiress who is so anxious to marry me."

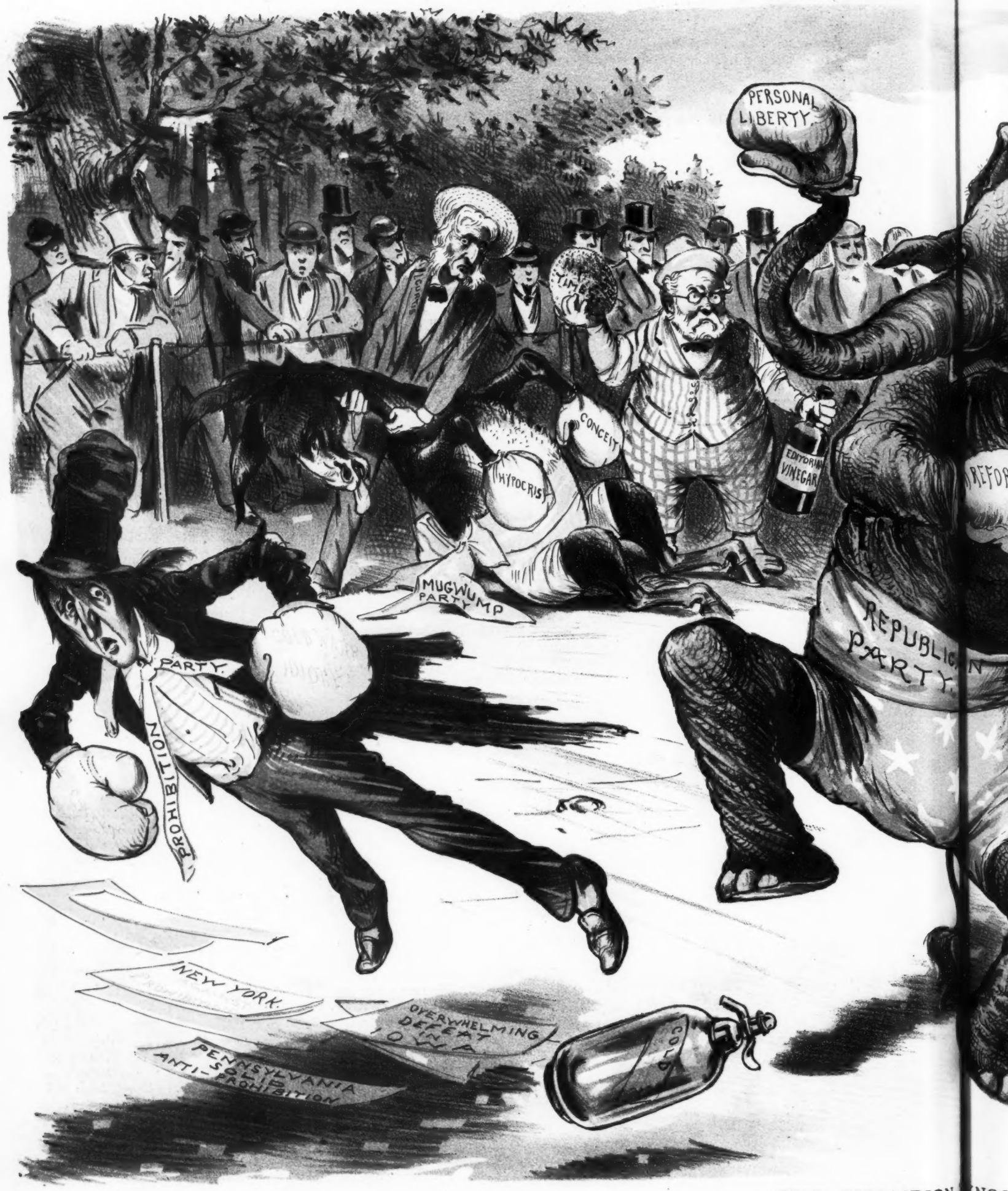
Agnes—"Why, George, you know I love you."

A NATURAL INFERENCE.

Fond mother—"See the baby, Henry. He's holding out his hand to you. What do you suppose 'ittle tootsy wants?"

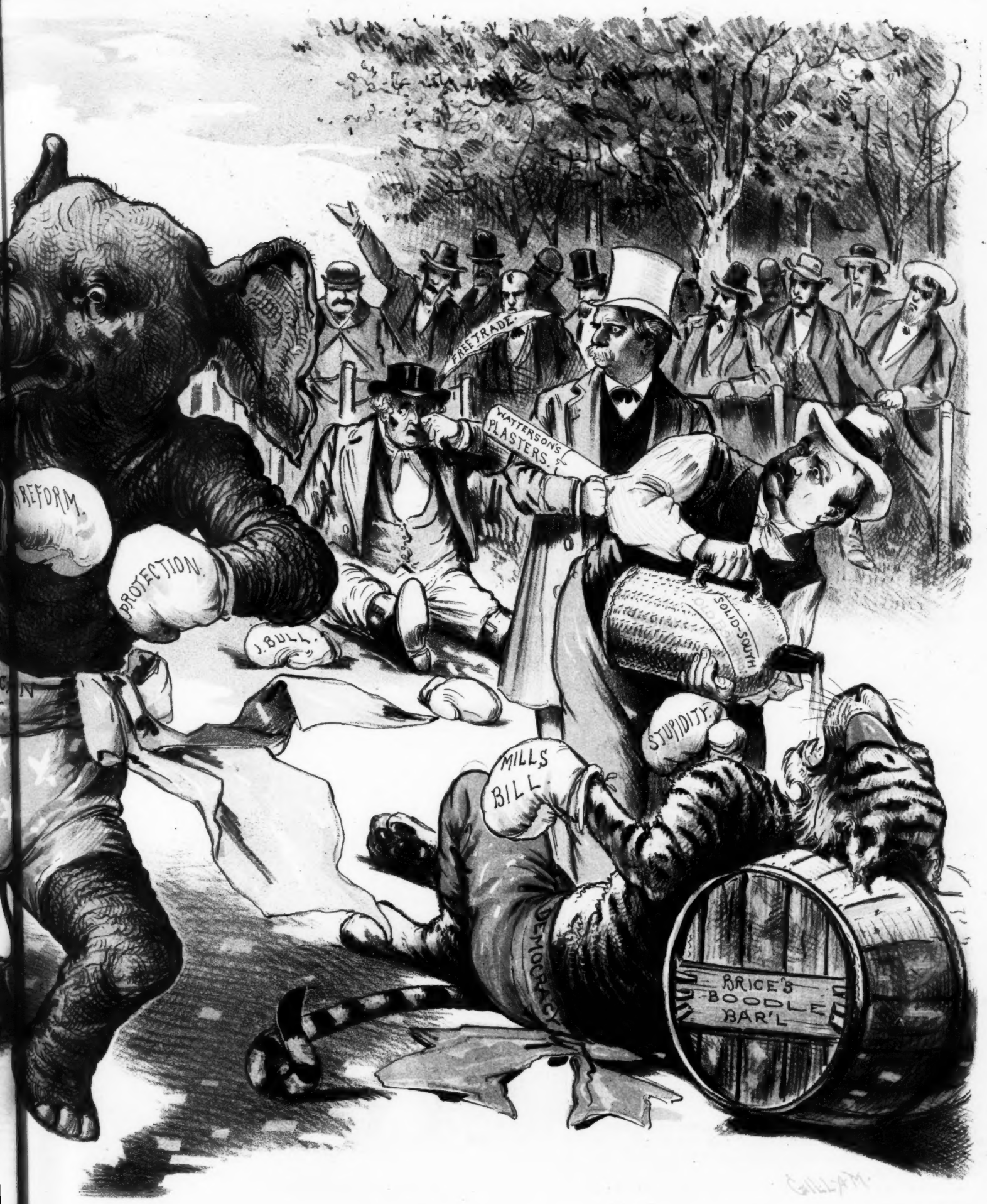
Fond father—"I don't know; but as everybody says he takes after you, I suppose 'ittle tootsy wants some pin-money."

THE APPLE—S-z-wipp! Thud!!



THE CHAMPION KNOC

REPUBLICAN PARTY—"Bring on some mo umbugs,



NOCKER-OUT."

mbugs, and I'll take care of them."

TO A PEANUT "BUTCHER."

BUTCHER—One who slays wantonly.—*Webster.*

UNHANGED assassin of the goober-nut,
Brass-mounted blurter of unlaundered lies—
Go 'long! I *don't* want "*gumdrops, bias-cut!*"
Your candy's stale as your uncandid cries.

"*Here's your peanuts!* ☞ *Red-hot, Mister!*
☞ *Hunchbacked, double-jointed, four-ply peanuts!*
☞ *Caramels?* ☞ *Cheon-gum f'r yer sister?*
☞ *Candy?* ☞ *Popcorn?* ☞ *Sausage-link peanuts?*"

Again, base Burker of protesting wares,
Whose age should spare them your unholy "blow,"
I hoped you'd gone! "*Books?*" Who in thunder cares?
Hence, Pirate of the Aisles! Dry up and go!

"*Here's yer good readin'!* ☞ *Illustrated papers?*
☞ *Novels?* ☞ *Meelyer Eves?* ☞ *Better take this one!*
☞ *Read Robert L. Smear?* ☞ *Komikal Kapers?*
☞ *Them is the daisies—you don't warter miss one!*"

Butcher of English—truth—wit—everything!
Add to your crimes the selfward complement—
Plain suicide. If more to me you bring,
I'll do the butchering myself! Git! Went!

"*Bananns here?* ☞ *Figs here?* ☞ *Oranges?* ☞ *Honey?*
☞ *Boss prize packages? Ten cents—try 'em—*
☞ *Full o' reel dimon's, joolry 'n money!*
☞ *Talk up lively now! Last chance to buy 'em!*"

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

CAPITULATION.

OFFICER O'REILLY (*at the bath-house*)—"L'ave me out! It's drownin' Oi am!!!"
CHORUS—"Will yer let us in fifty times a day after this?"
OFFICER O'REILLY—"Oi will a t'ousand, av yez'll l'ave me out!"

HE MADE AN IMPRESSION.

"LOOK HERE, Cora," said old Brown to his daughter, "when Mr. Pomade comes to see you, hereafter, you must make him take a seat in the middle of the room."

"Why so, pa?"

"Because he uses oil on his hair, and he'll soon have the wall-paper ruined."

OLD CHOCOLATE'S TARGET PRACTICE.

DE SELLER'S bushel am allus toe small.

De kunel ob de sweetes' nut am hahdes' toe git at.

W'en Pompey totes de chile, hit er easy toe see dat Dinah am boss.

De chick dat doan' chase whar de hen scratches goes wid emp'y crop.

Ef yo' doan' laik toe heah hens cackle, doan' grum'le ef dey yan't no aigs.

A bad name goes wid a bad man, jis' ez sho'ly ez a bent tree cas's a crooked shadder.

Hope ull he'p a man erlong ez good ez a hoss; an' one nibble ull keep some men fishin' all day.

Sometimes folks by dair own acts confess weakness, yit dey ud git mad ef de weakness wah p'inted out. 'Tain't safe eben w'en de fish-mahketman sells yo' a fish fo' half-money 'ca'se hit er not fresh toe 'min' 'im ob dat fac'.

In 'mergencies we is apt toe fawgit simple t'ings. Many a man w'en he'm mad am li'ble toe open de do' wid an ax, dough ef he wah toe stop an' t'ink he ud 'membah dot a latch an' hinges dun bean fu'nished fo' dot pu'poss.

J. A. WALDRON.

MIXED-UP MECHANISM.

MR. GRASSMORE—"Look 'r that! I jest give that cigar-cutter one twist, an' knocked a reel six-fer-a-quarter all t' flinders!"

BAR-TENDER—"That's th' patent corkscrew, Country. Th' cutter's on t'other end of th' bar."

NO FURTHER USE.

TWO BOHEMIANS are conversing on Broadway.

"Well, I am completely cleaned out this time! I just sold the last stick of furniture I had."

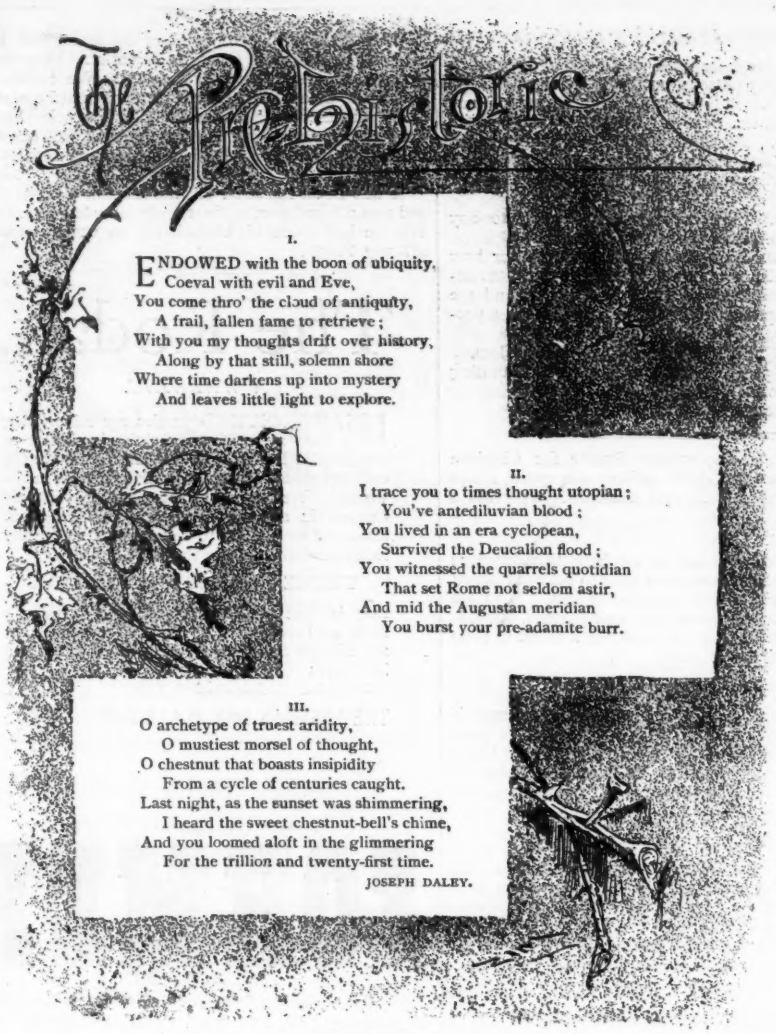
"Are you sure that there is no other useless article that you might part with?"

"Stop! I forgot—there's my appetite."

AT ST. AUGUSTINE.

MR. SOLLINGER (*referring to the old fort*)—"You may prefer the modern ones, Bob, but as for me, give me these ancient beauties."

MISS ODLUM (*snappishly*)—"If you'll permit me, Mr. Sollinger, I think I'll go back to the hotel alone."



I.

ENDOWED with the boon of ubiquity,
Coeval with evil and Eve,
You come thro' the cloud of antiquity,
A frail, fallen fame to retrieve;
With you my thoughts drift over history,
Along by that still, solemn shore
Where time darkens up into mystery
And leaves little light to explore.

II.

I trace you to times thought utopian;
You've antediluvian blood;
You lived in an era cyclopean,
Survived the Deucalion flood;
You witnessed the quarrels quotidian
That set Rome not seldom astir,
And mid the Augustan meridian
You burst your pre-adamite burr.

III.

O archetype of truest aridity,
O mustiest morsel of thought,
O chestnut that boasts insipidity
From a cycle of centuries caught.
Last night, as the sunset was shimmering,
I heard the sweet chestnut-bell's chime,
And you loomed aloft in the glimmering
For the trillion and twenty-first time.

JOSEPH DALEY.

TOO RAW.

A CITY CHILD, wandering over a farm-yard with its father, was greatly frightened at the sight of a good-sized gobbler.

"Why, my boy, you don't mean to say that you're afraid of a turkey, when you ate one only yesterday."

"Yes, pa, but this one isn't cooked."

A CHANCE FOR THE ELEMENTS.

Father (on a steamer)—"I don't know what to do with that boy. He aggravates me terribly. He needs severe chastising, but this is no place to do it."

Mother (equally oppressed)—"Take him up on deck, Henry. I heard the captain say just now that there was a spanking breeze on.

DID NOT ADMIT OF A DOUBT.

THE DAY before a duel.

"I assure you, sir, that I mean business, sir."

"And I too, sir."

"There will be at least one corpse, sir."

"I quite agree with you, sir."

"And it won't be mine, sir!"

"Nor mine either, sir!"

WHOSE FAN?

THE BALL was at its height of light and glory,
And beauty, joy, and music filled the place;
Behind the palms, in the conservatory,
Brown saw a couple stand in close embrace,
And heard a kiss. He knew 'twas gay Ned Story,
But had no chance to see the woman's face.
When they had gone, he passed the threshold o'er,
And found a dainty fan upon the floor.

Whose was the fan? He vowed that he would know it;
He sought the ball-room, and, in passing through,
He waved its silken wing, that he might show it,
Asking each fair:—"Does this belong to you?"
He'd told his friends the joke—could not forego it,
And they watched, too, to see him get his clew.
Sudden—Brown's pretty wife called from her chair:
"Why, Dick, that's mine! I've sought it everywhere."

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

DIVORCE WHILE YOU WAIT.

Woman—"How long will it take me to get a divorce in this court?"

Chicago Judge—"That depends on circumstances, madam."

Woman—"What circumstances?"

Chicago Judge—"Well—er—it depends altogether on whether you are married."

Woman—"Do you suppose I'd be fooling about here, if I wasn't?"

Chicago Judge—"Here's your decree, madam."

ONE TEST.

A YOUTHFUL candidate for matrimony asked her father for the hand of his best girl.

"My son, you seem rather young; if, however, after the lapse of years, you——"

"Sir," interrupted the youth, drawing himself up to his full height, "permit me to inform you that I am old enough to have had the rheumatism."

ANSWERS BY ANALOGY.

Teacher—"Who in the class can tell what a man who walks is called? Tommy Toots?"

Tommy—"A walker."

Teacher—"What else? Willie Waffles?"

Willie—"A pedestrian."

Teacher—"That's right. Now tell me what name is applied to a man who plays in an orchestra?"

Willie (promptly)—"An orchestrion."

NO SATISFACTION.

Diner—"What kind of soup is this, waiter?"

Sambo—"Dunno, sah!"

Diner—"I asked for consommé, but heaven only knows what you have brought me."

Sambo—"Why don't ye arsk heaben den, sah?"

AN UNSATISFACTORY SCHOLAR.

Sunday-school Superintendent—"I am pained to learn that two of the little boys of the school have absented themselves today in order to go fishing. You wouldn't go, would you, Master Norton?"

Master Norton—"No, sir."

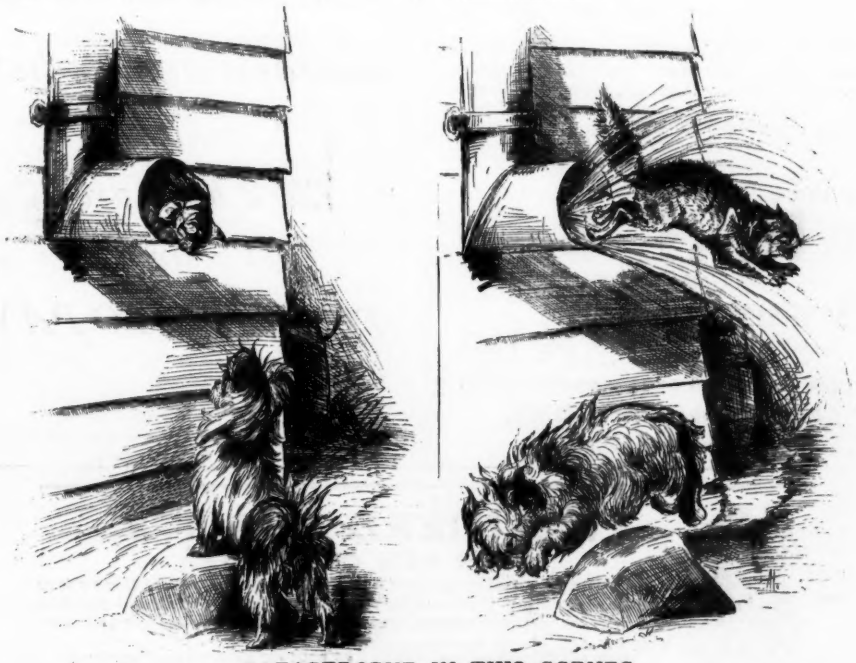
Sunday-school Superintendent—"Now tell the rest of the scholars why you wouldn't go fishing on Sunday.

Master Norton—"'Cause it's too cold yet to catch anything."

SCARCELY A COMPLIMENT.

AN EXTRACT from an old maid's album:

"The habit of living with men has rendered me more indulgent towards the beasts."



CATASTROPHE IN TWO SCENES.

At bay. Enemy in the rear. Complete rout.

SADDER THAN DEATH.

Last Friday afternoon a district-telegraph messenger, who was speeding along the street with a telegram valued at fifteen cents a minute, was run over and seriously injured by a blind man named Standfast. Standfast is a cripple, having a wooden leg. He had taken this leg off to rest it while he sat by the wayside and begged, and some mischief-loving boys had taken the leg and hid it. Standfast, missing it, was groping along the sidewalk feeling for it, and inadvertently moved directly in the messenger-boy's wake. Several persons, seeing he would run the boy down, shouted to the latter that the blind man was after him, and the boy, realizing his peril, made a desperate sprint for his life and for a few feet gained on his pursuer, but before he was far enough ahead to turn out with safety the cripple was upon him, and ran clear over him before he could be stopped. The boy's injuries were very serious, as he fell upon his wrist, spraining it so that it will probably be two weeks before he can hang on to the step of an omnibus going in the wrong direction. It was reported late that night that, owing to his inability to utilize this favorite official time-killer, the boy had delivered one message nearly on time; but the rumor was indignantly denied at headquarters, the superintendent offering to prove by the books that such a thing had never occurred since the invention of human speed. At a late hour this morning it was feared that the boy was recovering his inertia, which had been severely disturbed.—*Burdette.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The following touching lines are credited to a paper in New York's rural districts: "It is with deep regret that we chronicle the death of G—— H. M—— of ——, New York. He passed away on Monday morning, March 25th, after an illness of a little more than three days. . . . We had been acquainted for five years. We began in the poultry business at the same time, both buying Wyandotte eggs of the same man. The writer soon gave up the breed, and kept only Langshans. But George kept his Wyandottes, bought only the best, bred carefully; and though we have seen many fine birds we know of few which lay more and larger eggs or breed finer chicks than his do. We have had many fowls and eggs of him, and would as quick trust him as ourself to ship eggs or to select stock."

ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the world-renowned South American appetizer, cures dyspepsia, &c. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, sole manufacturers. At all druggists.

DER TUYVEL'S CHOICE.

Old Hans, ofer der tuyfel his choice had to make,
Vhich of us dwo do you think he would take?
Vell, I don'd know but he'd took me avay—
For he could dook you most efery day.
—*National Weekly.*

The JUDGE of New York is about the only humorous paper in the United States that is holding its own. In fact, it is doing more than that, since it continues to improve and gains readers every week. It deserves all the success it is achieving.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

Try the
H. H. S.
(Londres Perfecto.)
A Gentleman's Cigar.
$7.50 per 100.
Sample Box of 25 sent prepaid for $2.
SACKER & WHITCOMB,
33 Central St., Boston, Mass.

THE SOCIETY-REPORTER'S DICTIONARY.

Brilliant, *a.* Must be used in describing parties or receptions given by persons worth $5,000 or more.

Magnificent, *a.* Indispensable in referring to any house costing not less than $3,500.

Sumptuous, *a.* Must be used in referring to a parlor furnished at an expense of $250 or more. Must also be used in referring to a repast consisting of three or more courses.

Recherché, *a.* Indispensable in referring to any society event, no matter how insignificant.

Intoxicating, *a.* Any kind of music, no matter how discordant, furnished at a swell reception. "Ravishing" and "entrancing" are also good words, and are perhaps more appropriate than "intoxicating" in a prohibition state.

Spacious, *a.* Grounds embracing two or more lots.

Event, *n.* A party given at a residence containing eight or more rooms.

Party, *n.* Obsolete.—*Atchison Globe.*

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething; soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

Pedigree doesn't amount to much in this country; but it doesn't do any harm for a man to behave himself so that his son will always be proud of him. Boys are often urged to become a credit to their parents, but it is quite important their parents should be a credit to their children.—*Springfield Union.*

Golucky—"As I'm the special summer correspondent of the New York *Daily Blowhard* I suppose your terms to me will be somewhat different from your terms to regular guests." *Summer-hotel clerk* (briskly)—"Yes, sir; yes, sir; of course. Our terms to you will be cash in advance."—*New York Weekly.*

Arizona boasts of a woman who "can drive a nail with a bullet at forty yards." When Arizona can produce a woman able to drive a nail with a hammer at a distance of one foot without wounding her fingers it will have a curiosity worth boasting about.—*Norristown Herald.*

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EQUITABLE
Life Assurance
Society
issues a new policy
which,
like a bank draft,
is a simple
PROMISE TO PAY.

The Albany *Times* describes Colonel Eliott Fearnaught Shepard as a Christian scientist. In a certain sense this description may be just. We believe the colonel to be a Christian, and we trust that he is scientific; but just now a number of Christian scientists appear to be going in for free love, and we feel ourselves authorized to declare that there is nothing which Colonel Shepard more heartily abhors.—*New York Sun.*

It was never intended to intimate that Colonel Shepard was a free-lover. We simply intended to intimate that he had made his Christianity an exact science.—*Albany Times.*

The Kodak.

A WARNING.

UNAUTHORIZED parties are advertising a Camera which they claim is similar to the Kodak, loaded with our film. (We are the only manufacturers of continuous films in the world.) We warn the public that the said Camera is entirely unsuitable for using our films and we decline to be responsible for any failures resulting from its use.

THERE IS ONLY ONE CAMERA

that is sent out loaded with 100 Eastman's films, and that is the Kodak. The patents on the Kodak and film are all owned by us and infringers will be prosecuted.

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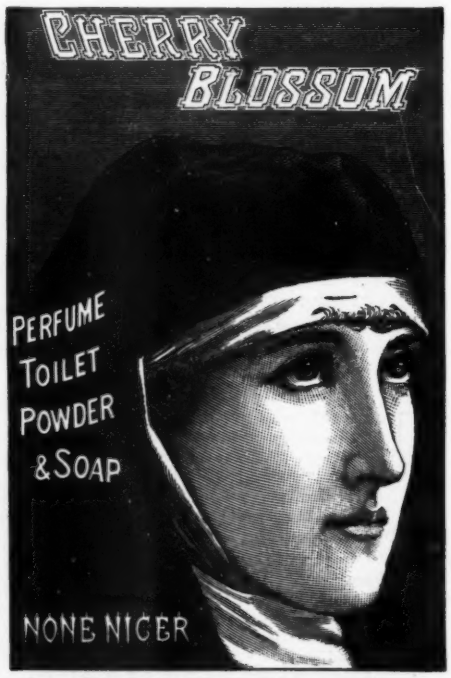

In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

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OUR NEW CIGARETTE.
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Send cash with order, or deposit with your express agent and send me his receipt for same. A trial order will convince that the goods are very fine. P. H. GRANT, 51 and 53 Wabash ave., Chicago.

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SWINGING SONG.

Swing, baby, swing to dreamland;
There, sweet, in slumber go;
My song will blend in seemland
With songs the angels know;
Thy hammock will be golden
And like the crescent moon,
And in its hollow holden
Thou wilt be sailing soon.

Go swinging, swaying, swinging,
High up among the stars;
At mother's wish upspringing
Shall sleep let down the bars;
Although the hammock golden
Is like the crescent moon,
Thou wilt in my arms holden
Wake bright and laughing soon.

—*Wm. S. Lord in Chicago News.*

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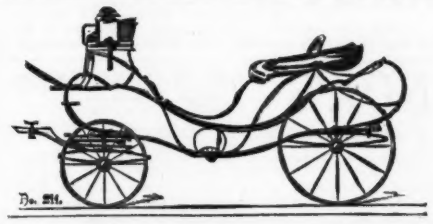

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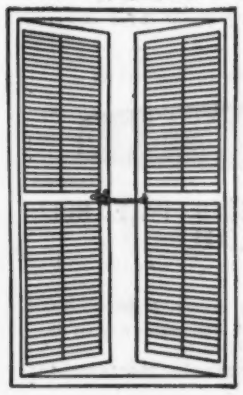

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She fell in love with her harbor buoy;
She couldn't have loved him more;
Yet one day jealously spoilt their joy—
He caught her hugging the shore!

They fixed it up in the good old way,
As you can determine with ease;
For her captain wrote me the other day,
"She's enjoying a smacking breeze."
—*Brunonian.*

Good morning

HAVE YOU USED PEARS' SOAP?

THE APPLE-HUCKSTER.

The dago's cart goes slowly by,
Filled with apples, heaped up high;
'Tis drawn by some decrepit steed,
Who lives and works on little feed;
And by him walks the master slow,
Who bawls so all the folks may know,
"Ap-poles! Ap-poles!"
And out the housewives quickly go:
"Ap-poles, ap-poles, te-en cent a peck!"

Large, sweet, and mellow, every one
Looks thus, while blushing in the sun;
"None such in market can be found,"
He tells the people gathering round;
And many after dishpan hie,
While he lifts up his plaintive cry,
"Ap-poles! Ap-poles!"
We think upon the luscious pie:
"Ap-poles, ap-poles, te-en cent a peck!"

We take our basket to be filled.
He dips beneath with fingers skilled,
And puts in fruit all full of rot;
We but ejaculate, "Great Scott!"
While he goes calmly down the street,
And back his voice comes low and sweet,
"Ap-poles! Ap-poles!"
Such dulcet voice could never cheat:
"Ap-poles, ap-poles, te-en cent a peck!"
—*Chicago Herald*

JOSH BILLINGS SAID IT.

Prudes are coquets gone to seed.

The man who can't do any hurt in this world can't do any good.

To be thoroughly pittyed will take the courage out ov enny man.

The grate art ov keeping friends iz tew keep them in expectancy.

Wimmen quite often possess superior tallents, but their genius lays in their pashuns.

There are people so addikted to exagerashun that they kan't tell the truth without lieing.

Love has a most vorashus appetight, but a poor digestion; what it feeds on most always distresses it.

Tramp—"Mister, give me something to eat? I'm hungry and out of work." *Practical party* (in suburbs)—"What do you work at?" *Tramp* (speaking first thing that comes to mind)—"I'm a wood-engraver, sir." *Practical party* (delighted)—"Ah, very good. Just walk around behind the back kitchen; you'll find a saw, wood-horse, and some wood. Will you be kind enough to engrave a cord or so while I see about your breakfast?" But the cloud of dust disappearing down the road answereth not.—*Washington Post.*

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

The counterfeiters are coining money.

The gas company reports that its business is light.

Several prize-fighters are making money hand over fist.

Many oil-well stockholders are barely paying for their bored.

Nearly all of the jewelers have been letting their stock run down more or less.

Railroad men report collections dull. Nearly all trains are compelled to run on time.

There is considerable activity among the medical profession. The surgeons in particular are cutting up at a high rate.—*Terre Haute Express.*

"Can't I take your name for this new encyclopedic dictionary?" asked the book-agent. "It is an encyclopedia and a dictionary all in one." "No, sir," said the man addressed; "I have no use for it whatever. You see I married a Boston girl."—*Somerville Journal.*

NO ENGAGEMENT.—"I am like a tree," he observed, as the clock struck eleven; "I am rooted at your side." "Yes, but you never leave, do you?" And then he "put forth."—*Harper's Bazar.*

ARE YOUR CONGRESS SHOES INSURED?

WHERE INSURED? In Boston, at the office of **Hub Gore Makers,** the largest manuf'urers of Shoe-Elastic in America. This Trade Mark on

the *inside of the Elastic* is the Insurance Seal Stamp.

HOW Insured? By this **Legal Document** which accompanies the shoes.

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Boston, Mass., Dec. 15, 1888.
This insures *to the wearer of these shoes perfect service of the Gore for* **ONE AND ONE-HALF YEARS** *from date letter in Trade Mark. If the Elastic fails within eighteen months, send the shoes by express, at our expense, from any part of the United States, Canada, Mexico, West Indies, or Sandwich Isl'ds, and we will insert new Gore in finest manner, and return shoes free of expense.*
HUB GORE MAKERS, Boston, Mass.
Signed. Albert Herbert Prest
E R Page. Treas.

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WHERE Sold? EVERY shoe dealer can sell you shoes containing Insured Hub Gore *if you insist.* They cost no more. Some dealers will coax you to buy *imitations* on which they make *extra* profit. Look out for such "dodges." Refuse positively any Congress Shoes without the Heart Trade Mark on the elastic.

We furnish Hub Gore to over 1,000 makers of *good* shoes and insure the shoes. 100,000 dealers sell them. If your dealer won't supply you, write us for list of dealers in your locality.

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